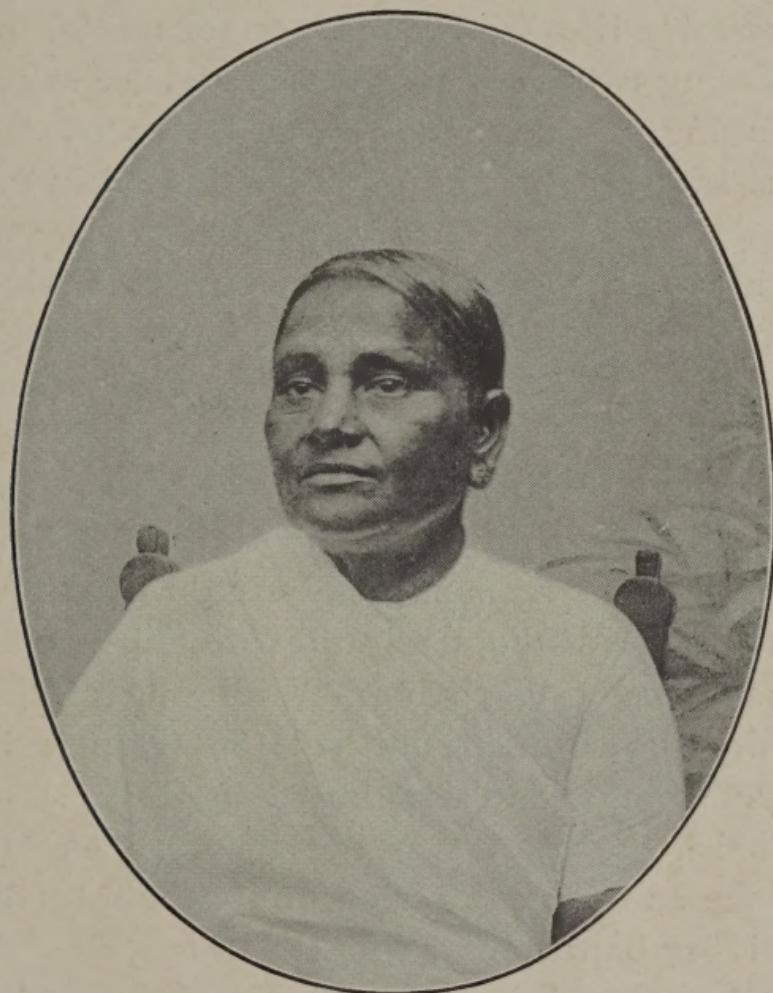


Native converts

SARAHAMMA
TELUGU BIBLE WOMAN
RANGOON, BURMA



IT was in the year 1860 that I was born of Hindu parents. Education in those days for girls was almost an unknown thing, but my parents managed to send me to a Phial (village) school, where I studied for about a year and learned a little reading and writing which has been of great use to me in

my life work. According to Hindu custom I was married in my early years to one Mr. Peter, who left me in my fourteenth year to go to Rangoon with Mr. John, then pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church. During my early life I often had opportunities of hearing two Baptist preachers whose sweet singing of a precious Telugu lyric attracted me as did its meaning. This created in me a desire to learn more about Christ, and with the help of some schoolboys who lived in my neighborhood I bought the Gospels and began to study them. St. John's Gospel had a special fascination for me. But reading the Bible was in my house an offence. I was by this time living with my husband's parents and they would not allow me to read the Scriptures lest it would make me a Christian. With much difficulty, however, I finished the Gospels in five months, and was drawn to the feet of Christ, though it was not in my power to make an open confession of my faith by receiving baptism.

Rev. Mr. Timpany, hearing of my inclinations and the difficulties I was facing, came to my house one day to speak to me and encourage me in the Lord, but being forbidden by my people to teach me, he only succeeded in placing his dear hands on my head and blessing me, which blessing was realized later on. In my sixteenth year

my husband sent for me and I joined him in Rangoon. I made known to him my faith and to my joy I found that he also was of the same mind, and in about six months' time we both openly professed our faith and received baptism.

I lived with my husband for about twenty years and was blessed with six children. But my happy and peaceful life was disturbed by the loss of child after child at short intervals.

In May, 1892, I lost a son with cholera and only two days after that my husband fell a victim to the monstrous epidemic, and a few months after another son was also lost. I was then left with only one son. My happy home was reduced to two helpless souls, myself and my poor boy. But God had his object in all this. He wanted me for service in his vineyard and he thus removed from me all the shackles and prepared me for it.

I wanted to go to my own country after my husband's death, but God so moved the elders of the church here that they showed me the vast field of work amongst my own country people, and they in the name of the Lord asked me to remain and work in their midst. After much prayer and consecration of myself to Him I accepted the offer and began my humble service in which I continued for about sixteen years. By this

time my only son, Samuel, was studying in his F. A. class and it pleased the good Lord to remove him also from me, in whom all my hopes and ambitions were centered. But it seemed good to Him. From the time of this dear boy's death I have had nothing more to live for but His glory alone.

I do not want to speak much about my work, only to say that the Lord has used me, I am sure, and I believe that souls have been led to the Master's feet through my weak instrumentality.

I visit the Telugu people in their homes and at their working places, read to them, sing to them, teach them and distribute pamphlets and tracts mostly free of cost. I have a willing audience almost everywhere, and I find the field quite ripe and needing more reapers. During the past eighteen months there were thirty-seven baptisms, seven in December last and last week three. Thus the Lord has been working with me, a weak and frail instrument though I am, and I request your prayers that he may use me more and more for his glory.

Your sister in the Lord,

SARAHAMMA.

Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society
Ford Building, Boston, Mass.

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